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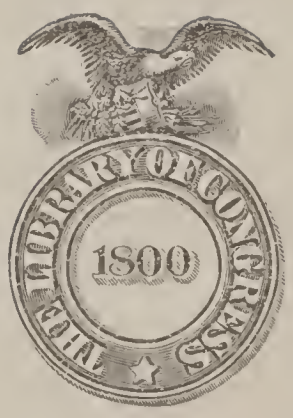

Class
Book

CAPTAIN

WALTER MASON DICKINSON

17TH INFANTRY, U. S. ARMY

17

Memorial

Captain

Walter Mason Dickinson

17th Infantry U. S. Army

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Memorial Services.

Memorial Services for Captain Walter Mason Dickinson, 17th Infantry, U. S. Army, were held on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 9, 1898, in the chapel of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Born in the town of Amherst—receiving his early education at the college, and returning to it as military instructor in his maturer years, it was peculiarly fitting that the last services should be held there among his old associates and pupils. The address was delivered by the President, his lifelong friend and teacher, and the religious exercises were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Charles S. Walker, assisted by the Rev. Albert Bryant of Scituate.

The pulpit was draped with the American flag, as was also his portrait, which stood upon an easel on the right of the platform. The sabre, worn on the field of El Caney, was slung above it, resting amid the folds of the college battalion flag, and beneath it was suspended a wreath of red and white roses, knotted with blue ribbon and intertwined with sprays of running vine. The front seats were occupied by the Senior class, the only members of the college who had been cadets under him. Eight members of the Junior class, in military uniform, acted as ushers. A large concourse of friends and relatives gathered to pay the last tribute to their hero. The faculty of both colleges were present, the Governor was represented by one of his staff, and Pacific Lodge F. and

A. M., of which he had been Master, as his great-grandfather had been before him, attended in a body, dressed in their regalia. The services were brief, but impressive. Selections from the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan and the twenty-third Psalm were read by Dr. Walker. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bryant, and this was followed by the memorial address and benediction. "Integer Vitae" and "Into the silent land" were sung by fourteen members of the Northampton vocal club.

On the following day in the National Cemetery at Arlington, he was laid to rest under the shade of a spreading oak, in a lot adjoining the one in which Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Haskell, the commanding officer of his regiment, was buried. The blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, his brother-in-law, recited with faltering voice the solemn burial service, closing with the prayer: "O Thou Eternal One in whose all-encircling love we dwell, enable us by the pure light of faith to look beyond the clouds and the mist, that we may behold Thy benign face beaming with love and compassion upon us as we thus deposit these precious remains in their last resting place. Shed over these bereaved hearts Thy healing balm and enable us with confidence to say 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?' looking forward with hope to that blessed reunion in the bright beyond, 'where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.'" The soldiers fired their parting volleys. The bugler sounded taps and the last faint echoes died away in the silence of the grave.

Address.

My friends, we have met today to hold memorial services for one who was dear to us all. It is very fitting that such hour of remembrance should be held here. For this was his home. These were the hills he loved. This was his college and here he came back in his riper years to share the knowledge he had obtained with his younger brothers. And if the simple story of his life may lead any one not merely in word, but deed, to follow the path he chose and take as his precious legacy all that was pure and noble and lofty in him, I shall feel that this hour will not have been spent in vain.

Montaigne in his essay entitled "The resemblance of children to their fathers" says—"We need not trouble ourselves to seek out miracles and strange difficulties, for methinks there are such incomprehensible wonders among the things that we ordinarily see as surpass all difficulties of miracle." These words he applies to inherited peculiarities of mind and body, to strong mental characteristics, strange perversions of nature, marvels of strength and courage, survivors of ancestors long since mouldered into dust. Man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance and each generation exerts enormous power over the natural ability of those that follow. In the far reaching influences that go out to every life and away backward as certainly as forward, men are born with cer-

tain traits so individualized, we call it genius. We are the creatures, not of a day, but of a thousand years, and within our veins lie dormant the inherited tendencies of past ages. Ancestral impulses slumbering in one generation start into life in another and the strength and impact of the will gathering through many ages will under favoring circumstances manifest itself with startling power in some remote individual. Of all hereditary traits none is stronger than love of country. The old Roman putting aside the claims of blood exclaimed—"Dear are our parents to us, dear our kinsmen, friends and children, but our country alone embraces all that is dear to us all. For which, what good man would hesitate to die if he could do her service." On none did this heritage of patriotism fall more richly than on Walter Dickinson. What was said of Sherman Hoar could with equal propriety be said of him—"Love of country and devotion to her interests were a fundamental part of his religion. The spirit which animated his several revolutionary ancestors seemed to have descended to him in concentrated and glorified form."

That same spirit which led three of his ancestors to lay down their lives in King Philip's war, stirred within his veins when he led his troop so gallantly against the Apaches in Arizona. The heroic courage and endurance of that patriot hero who starved with Washington at Valley Forge and in the cold and darkness of that historic Christmas night crossed the Delaware and aided in the capture of the Hessians, was his portion, and last, the bravery of him who calmly stood on Bunker Hill, reserving his fire till he could look straight into the eyes of the advancing British grenadier, gave to him that cool, intrepid bearing which he displayed at El Caney.

The hot, impetuous words so frequently rising to his lips, but as often atoned for by manly, honest apology, were but the echo of the emphatic utterance of his great grandfather, "Squire Nat," who, when the tory minister of this town, reading from the pulpit a proclamation, issued by authority of the new government, added to the customary conclusion of "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" the expression "But I say God save the King," sprang to his feet in his pew and angrily retorted "And I say you are a d—d rascal."

A double portion of this rich and glorious inheritance was his, descending as it did through both sides of his family. But it was not alone upon the battlefield his ancestors bore their part. They were equally ready at home. Prominent in all public matters, they did not hesitate to boldly express their opinions on every subject affecting the interests of their country, even when such expression brought down upon them imprisonment and loss of property. It may not be uninteresting to briefly trace this ancestral line and scrutinize the strain from which has sprang so noble a type.

The ancestor of Walter Dickinson in the eighth generation was Deacon Nathaniel Dickinson, born about 1600, in the cathedral town of Ely, near Cambridge, England. He was one of the signers of the Articles of Agreement drawn up by the Cambridge Company, and emigrated to Massachusetts in 1630. After spending a few years in Watertown, he became one of the founders of the Connecticut colony and settled in Wethersfield, where for twenty years he served as town clerk. Removing thence in 1658, in company with many others from Connecticut, he founded the town of Old Hadley, where he filled pretty much every office of trust,—town

clerk, selectman, assessor, deacon and school committee. He was one of the original trustees of Hopkins Academy and a member of the Hampshire Troop of Horse. Three of his sons, John, Joseph and Azarial, were killed in King Philip's war, and the old man died in 1676 while it was still in progress.

(2) Lieutenant Nehemiah Dickinson, born in Wethersfield in 1644 and dying in Hadley 1723. He was frequently selectman, besides holding other town offices. Cornet of the Hampshire Troop of Horse in 1695, he held the commission of lieutenant 1705-1715.

(3) Deacon Samuel Dickinson, born in Hadley 1682, but removing to Shutesbury, where he died in 1747. He, too, held various town offices.

(4) Nathaniel Dickinson, born in Hadley 1721. He was one amongst the earliest settlers of Amherst, purchasing in 1742 the farm on which Walter Dickinson was born, and passing away at the ripe old age of 85 in 1806.

(5) Nathaniel Dickinson, Jr., born on the family homestead in 1750. He and David Parsons, Jr., son of the tory parson, were the first natives of Amherst to receive a college education, graduating at Harvard in 1771. Studying law with Major Hawley at Northampton, that great patriot and leader of the Hampshire bar, he practiced law in Amherst. A man of forceful character and brilliant intellect, he became the acknowledged leader of the town during the Revolution, was chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, member of several of the Provincial Congresses, and served the town for many years as clerk, treasurer and moderator of its meetings.

(6) Walter Dickinson, 1784-1850, lived and died on the family homestead.

(7) Captain Marquis F. Dickinson, born 1814, and still living on the old homestead; captain of the Amherst Artillery Company.

(8) Captain Walter Mason Dickinson, 3 April, 1856, —2 July, 1898.

(a) In collateral branches appears the name of John Dickinson of East Amherst, great-grandfather to Walter M. through the marriage of his daughter to Walter Dickinson (No. 6.) He took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. Born in 1757, he died in 1850 at the advanced age of 93, the last surviving Revolutionary soldier of Amherst. Strong in body, he retained his mental faculties to the last, delighting to rehearse the stirring scenes of his earlier life. How often must young Walter have listened with kindling eye and beating heart to the story of that glorious June morning in 1775, as told him by his father or elder brother, who had in turn listened to it as it fell from the lips of the aged patriot.

(b) Asa Williams of Shutesbury, maternal grandfather of Walter M. Born about 1758 in Norwich, Conn., he served for three years in the Connecticut line, in the army under General Washington. He took part in the retreat across the Jerseys, spent that winter of unspeakable suffering at Valley Forge, and participated in the crossing of the Delaware and the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. He died about 1830 in the town of Shutesbury.

(c) Josiah Pease, maternal great-grandfather, was also a soldier in the Revolutionary army.

Through intermarriages the Dickinson family is allied to many of the original settlers of Hadley. Among them may be noted such familiar names as Marsh, Eastman, Cowles, Smith, Ingram, Boltwood, Montague, and

on the Connecticut side the families of Foote, Colton, and Governor John Webster.

From such an ancestry as this—mothers who thought there were things more to be dreaded for their sons than death and "who had leve they were fayre beryed than lost for default"—fathers steadfast in their religious belief—unshaken in their political opinions—staking their lives in defense of their convictions—representing the best blood in the country—that pure New England stock, tough in fibre, which might bend but never break, Walter Dickinson derived his origin. No wonder that with such a record behind him, he "showed the mettle of his pasture and that he was worth the breeding" on every field where duty led him. To have acted in any other way would have been to utterly belie the traditions of three hundred years.

When I first knew him he was a little curly-headed lad, who standing at my knee and asking all manner of questions about the civil war used to declare that he was going to run away and become either a sailor or a soldier in the cavalry. Prophetic utterance! The dream of the boy became the reality of the man, and what in his childish heart he had longed to be, found its fulfillment in the chosen profession of his life. It is interesting to note how unconsciously all through his life, there was the same strong under-current of patriotic feeling, only occasionally coming to the surface. The crude composition of his sophomore year on "The greatness of the United States" and its ability to conquer any other nation—his fondness for the study of American history, not merely at the Academy, but I may add, to the very close of his life—the hearty emphatic support of President Cleveland's attitude on the Venezuelan question,

found its fitting culmination in the noble words pronounced in this very chapel at the memorial service for Governor Greenhalge. They will bear repeating and I would that every young man listening to me to-day would take them to his heart and grave them there as with a pen of iron. Speaking of the higher duty, he says—"That duty is the one you owe to your country. By your country I do not mean this small space, crossed and recrossed by the beautiful and granite-capped hills which so closely encircle us, but I speak of a country, a part of whose wide domain is always in sunlight, extending westward from the storm-washed rocks of the New England shore to the farthest extremities of the Aleutian Isles—from the present frozen shores of the great lakes to the ever tropical climate of the Mexican gulf—a country with seventy millions of people—a country of free speech and free religion—a country covered with schools and churches—a country to be proud of; a country to respect; and, above all, if needs be, a country to die for. This is the spirit which should be taught in all our public schools, encouraged at the fireside and in the churches, that the aim of every boy and young man might be to make this our common country united—one for all, for in unison only is there strength. *Then the day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this—'He lived and died an American citizen.'*" He had learned well the lesson that the civic virtues, the duty man owes to the State towers above all else. Like Andrew Fletcher, he could exclaim—"I would readily lose my life to serve my country, but would not do a base thing to save it."

Entering the Massachusetts Agricultural College in September, 1873, he pursued the regular course for nearly

three years, leaving in his junior year to accept an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, offered him by President Julius H. Seelye, who was then in Congress. He entered June 14, 1876. Of his life there and the impression made, let his classmates bear witness. Of the many letters received, I can only make use of a few, just enough to give you an inside view of the man in this formative period of life. "I remember him as being a high-strung young fellow, conscientious and energetic in the performance of his duty, and just the kind of man whom you would expect to be at his post of duty in an emergency." "Generous, honest and unselfish—inflexible in his adherence to truth, he made friends wherever he went." "Dickinson had a lovely disposition which made him most congenial company. He always did his very best wherever he was put, and as a soldier always did his duty. He was beloved by his men and respected by his fellow officers." "He learned easily, took good rank in his class and was universally popular. Bright, genial and a good soldier, he was a most welcome addition to any circle. Transferred from the cavalry to the Seventeenth Infantry and serving up to the time of his glorious, but regretted death, at the front of his troops, where he voluntarily placed himself, despite the fact that his duties as a quartermaster appointed his place in the rear, his soldierly instincts and sense of duty prevailed with that sad result. A soldier, a gentleman and a scholar. God rest his soul!" "My classmate Dickinson has always been the same sunny, light-hearted boy he appeared to be when we reported at West Point in 1876. The last long talk I had with him was at Tampa, discussing the projected campaign. He was eager for the active service and looked forward with high hopes to

our immediate success with the efficient army then organizing. 'Dick,' as we were wont to call him among ourselves, was naturally a great favorite in his class and among his brother officers, and withal he was a most efficient officer. The loss on the day of July 1, was so heavy and immediate to us that at first I hardly appreciated that we had lost our classmate, but as time goes on, I find that I miss him the more, as my mind is capable of appreciating the fact that we can never hope to see again his cheery smile or hear his hearty laugh." What higher commendation can a man seek than this? Conscientious in the discharge of duty—Doing his best in whatever position placed—Inflexible in his adherence to truth—A soldier, gentleman and scholar—these are no uncertain words of praise. They represent the noblest ideals and highest conceptions of duty.

Graduating from the Academy, June, 1880, he was assigned as Second Lieutenant to the Fourth U. S. Cavalry. At last his boyish dreams were realized and he was in truth a member of that gallant army in which he took so much pride. The next eleven years were busy ones for our young, untried officer. We catch glimpses of him now in the field against the Indians and now in garrison on some lone frontier post—now doing duty as quartermaster and now on recruiting service. But wherever placed, the same record for efficiency and thoroughness follows him. He was complimented by General Ruger for a forced march, made alone with fifty Indian scouts, covering the distance of two hundred and fifty miles from San Carlos agency to Sipa, New Mexico, in three days, the Indians running by the side of his horse. And his captain writes—"He was unusually attentive to duty and thorough in all that he did. I always consid-

ered him a brave, true man, extremely sincere in his attachments and relations with others. He was a devoted husband, and just and generous in all his relations with his friends." The following brief synopsis of his army life, furnished by a brother officer, gives continuity to the picture:—

"Upon graduation he was assigned to the 4th U. S. Cavalry, joining his troop at Fort Sill, Indian Territory (the Kiowa and Comanche Reservation). From the Indian Territory the regiment was ordered to Colorado, keeping in check the Utes; then to New Mexico for garrison duty, which at that time meant continuous field service against the Apaches. After three years' service he was detailed to the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After graduation he was retained at the post until 1886, when with his troop he was again ordered to New Mexico.

Receiving his promotion to a First Lieutenancy, September 1, 1886, he was ordered to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, then to the Cavalry Depot, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., again to Arizona, remaining there until the regiment was ordered to the Pacific Coast. In 1891 he transferred to the 17th Infantry and was stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. From this post he was detailed to Amherst, Mass., as Professor of Military Science at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. After a tour of service at this college he rejoined his regiment at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, remaining on duty at that post until the late declaration of war when he was ordered to active service in Cuba. At this time he was the Regimental Quartermaster, appointed April 1, 1898, receiving his promotion to a captaincy April 26, 1898, which was confirmed by the Senate, after his death, July 14, 1898.

In loving remembrance of
Walter Mason Dickinson
Captain 17th U. S. Infantry
Pupil – Teacher – Soldier
Mass. Agrl. Coll. 1877 – West Point 1880
Born Amherst 3d April 1856
Died on the field of Battle, El Caney 2d July 1898
"The day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this: he lived and died an American citizen."
Erected by his College Friends

PLACED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 9, 1898.

Captain Dickinson was stationed at a number of posts during his service, the following being a partial list:—Fort Sill, Indian Territory, Forts Cummings, Bayard, and Stanton, N. M., Forts McDowell, Huachuca, and Bowie, Arizona, Fort Walla Walla, Wash., Presidio of San Francisco and Yosemite National Park, California, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and Columbus Barracks, Ohio."

One last picture of the dashing cavalryman we have, drawn by the hand of one who was in action with him, and we see him just where we should expect to see him, in the forefront of the battle, leading a charge against the lurking Apaches:—"We were in but one Indian fight together, at Horse Shoe Cañon, on the Arizona-Mexican line, April 22, 1882. The Indians occupied a strong position on a high bluff which we finally carried by assault. In the assault, Walter was the very first to reach the summit, and I well remember as the line of his troop swept up the hill, he was the forward apex of a triangle, of which the two sides were formed of the men of his troop on his right and left rear."

Transferred at his own request November 4, 1891, to the 17th Regiment, U. S. Infantry, he remained in this new branch of the service only a brief nine months, and was then detailed as military instructor to the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Why should I dwell upon his work here? Is it not known to you all? The pains he took in bringing up the battalion to the highest pitch of excellence, eliciting from the Army Inspector the comment—"The youngster has done well"—the interest he took in every man of his command—the solid conscientious work he put into his duty? Who of you that ever saw him walk across the parade ground as if he

owned the very ground he trod upon, but recognized that he was a leader among men? Who that ever saw him handle the cadets and watched the animation and the force with which he drilled them, but recognized the born soldier? Obedience, implicit obedience he demanded. Unstinted praise he gave when merited. Sharp, stinging rebuke when deserved. But with all this the boys liked him—nay, more, they loved him while they feared him. That same nameless charm of personality which led his brother officers to call him "Dickie," charmed them, and their admiration for the man blossomed into affection for the friend. How completely he won their hearts this extract from a letter written by one of the graduates, speaks eloquently—"I am grateful for the opportunity to help in this memorial. The deep personal interest he took in each of us who came under his instruction and discipline, his complete devotion to duty, to the battalion, to the whole college; his sorrow at our shortcomings and his pride at our successes, made us regard him with more than ordinary feelings as our friend. His last words to our class in our class-room were so characteristic of him that I will repeat them as nearly as my memory will allow:—'If you ever come where I am, come and see me —I'll try and make it pleasant for you—If you are ever in trouble, let me know—I'll try and help you. Good-bye'—and he was gone from the recitation room to his office. Every man in that room knew he meant just what he said and that he meant it to apply to *him*. The college has lost a good champion and the country a noble officer." The words of parting to the class that had been under his instruction for four years convey so clearly his own conception of duty that I know you will bear with me a moment longer while I repeat them—

"Young gentlemen, the time has now come when we are to separate, and there are a few things that I take occasion to say to you, because I shall never have the opportunity again. I came here from twelve years continuous army service on the Plains beyond the Mississippi. You thought, perhaps, I was rather a rough fellow. My way of dealing with you at first seemed, probably, somewhat severe. I tried to teach you lessons of unquestioning obedience, for obedience is the first duty of a soldier; but I think you have learned to understand me, as I have learned to understand you, and our relations, on the whole, have been very pleasant. And now as you leave the college to go out into the world, I wish to say two or three things which I trust you will not forget. The first is—Remember always to be a gentleman. Second—Be truthful. Always truthful. No man can be a true soldier on any other basis. Third—Wherever you are placed, under whatever circumstances and on every occasion, be true to yourselves; and last, whatever you find to do in the world, give to it the best that is in you and do it for all you are worth." Homely words, tersely expressed, but striking out straight from the shoulder to the mark. What Christopher North calls "A cut and thrust style, without any flourish. Scott's style when his blood was up and the first words came like a van-guard impatient for battle."

A man is judged not by the place he fills, but by the way in which he fills it. He was an unknown quantity as far as instructing was concerned, and when he found that he really could teach, he suddenly woke to a consciousness that life had a deeper meaning for him than he had ever realized before. It was most stimulating to hear his enthusiasm over his new work. He went

at it in the same conscientious manner in which he performed every duty, but there was added to that a wondering delight in his new-found powers. He studied international law—he worked at constitutional history and called upon all the resources of his previous years of reading American history to prepare himself the better for the lecture room. In fact—"his work at the college was so well done that it seems as if he could sleep better in the soil of the town where he did one piece of thoroughly finished work and for which he is sure to be remembered."

Rejoining his regiment in 1896, he served with it for the next eighteen months at Columbus, Ohio. Then came the call to arms and with it his appointment as Quartermaster, and the movement of the regiment to Tampa and thence to Cuban soil. When Baiquiri was reached, the regiment marched on and he was left to unload the stores and baggage. Chafing under his forced inactivity and hearing that a battle was imminent, he left the ship and rejoined the regiment Monday, June 27, five miles from Santiago. Being ordered by the Lieutenant-Colonel to return and finish the unloading, he made his way back on the following day to the shore, completed his task, and once more—late on the night of June 29—reached his command. On Thursday the army advanced, and that night the regiment bivouacked so near the enemy that fires were not allowed to be lit and the utmost quiet was enjoined that their position might not be betrayed. It is not my purpose to go into details of the battle of El Caney. That has already been done by abler pens than mine. Suffice it to say that El Caney is a small village cresting a hill three and a half miles northeast of San Juan, three miles north of El Poso and five

or six miles northeast of Santiago. In the native language it signifies "the tomb," because upon this hill were buried many of the ancient inhabitants—a fit name for the battle-field where so many of our bravest found their last resting place. On that fatal morning no one was calmer or more cheerful than Lieutenant Dickinson. No fear nor disturbing thought seemed to enter his mind, and he made his few preparations for the advance as quietly and with the same care as if going on parade. His duties as Quartermaster did not require his presence at the front, but he could not bear to remain at the rear and not share the dangers of his comrades. Going to Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell he said—"Colonel, I want to go with you to-day," and from that time, with the exception of two short intervals, during which he was carrying orders, never left his side until he received his death wound. The brigade was in motion shortly before daybreak, painfully making its way over the narrow, slippery paths and climbing the grassy ridge overlooking the village. The Twelfth and the Seventh regiments first deployed and took position. Then came the order for the Seventeenth to place itself on the right of the Seventh. Cautiously advancing in single file, it struck the sunken road running parallel to the northeast slopes of El Caney. It was commanded by block houses at either end, and in front was an open country swept by the Spanish marksmen. The hedge along the road was strongly interlaced with barbed wire. The Colonel directed this to be cut, and through the opening passed out into the field beyond, attended only by Dickinson. In an instant this drew upon them the fire from a hundred unseen guns. What followed is best described in the words of the Colonel, taken from a private letter, written a short time before

his death:—"Captain Dickinson's death wound was received at the same moment I was shot through the left breast. He then received a bullet through his right arm at the same instant I was shot through the knee. This shot knocked me down, and seeing me fall he ran toward the men and told them to 'Go and bring in the Colonel.' In other words, he did not leave my side till he had been wounded twice." It is only right to say that all other accounts report Captain Dickinson as being shot first in the arm, and seeing the Colonel fall he went back for help, and on his return received his fatal wound. The weight of evidence would seem to indicate that this is the correct version. Placed in a litter and receiving such aid as was possible on the field, he remained all day exposed to the bullets of the sharpshooters, being wounded a third time in the fleshy part of the leg, and a little later grazed in the arm and ear. Who can tell the agony of that long day in the burning heat of a tropic sun! But his courage never faltered and he greeted each comrade with a wan smile and pressure of the hand.

"Heroes are forged on anvils hot with pain
And splendid courage comes but with the test."

It is a beautiful incident that as he lay there, at intervals amid the crash and uproar of the battle, there came to his ears the familiar sounds of his childhood. In the village but a few hundred yards distant the cackling of hens and the crowing of cocks could be distinctly heard. The Bob Whites were calling to their mates, and the *hoodios*, a species of daw, flying from tree to tree were calling in strange, but pleasant notes.

Removed to the field hospital, he seemed troubled at the presence of so many wounded men, and at his own request was placed in a small shelter tent under a mango

tree. And here, watched over by his faithful sergeant, George Kaltschmidt, he lingered on through that soft moonlit night till the end came.

An hour before the dawn the forest birds stir uneasily in their sleep. They are dreaming of the day. An hour before the dawn, his trembling spirit, struggling from its mortal frame, flew upward and found rest. The dawn of that great day which comes to all alike, had come to him, and on his wondering eyes there broke the glories of a never-ending life.

My friends, "there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; and also it may be said, there is no life of a man faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort." Walter Dickinson was a man like unto ourselves—a man of like weaknesses and passions, but this biography is written in our hearts, and in our hearts rings on forever the poem of his strong young life.

Chaplain Trumbull in one of his "War Memories" has a chapter devoted to "the soldier heart buttoned over by the soldier coat," and tells the following incident:—Being called upon one day to conduct burial services over two men who had died in the hospital, he was greatly shocked as he entered the hall where the bodies were lying at the apparently unfeeling manner of their comrades, who were jesting and laughing as though nothing unusual had occurred. But in the midst of their chattering, one suddenly turned to the other and said—"Jem, have you cut a lock of Bill's hair? I reckon his mother would like it. My mother would." It was a revelation to him, for underneath the rough exterior he recognized the soldier heart beneath the coat, beating true to the mother love of his boyhood's days. Somebody's

mother wanted a lock of her boy's hair, and he remembered it because he too had a mother. Soldiers do not like to display any emotion. Their rigid discipline has taught them to be calm and self-contained, and they carefully repress any signs of outward feeling. It is not shame. Only a desire to conceal from the world the aching heart. Walter Dickinson was no exception to this rule. The deeper feelings of his nature seldom, if ever, came to the surface. On the very eve of leaving for Cuba, with all the uncertainties of an active campaign staring him in the face, he could not bring himself to speak of it, and it was only in the last letter before sailing from Tampa, that the mask was thrown aside and he penned a brief farewell to his brothers and sisters, commending to their tender love his wife. Not more than a dozen lines, but all the same it was the human cry of "the soldier heart buttoned over by the soldier coat."

We have said that he was brave. When on that fatal morning he said—"Colonel, I want to go with you to-day," it was with full knowledge of the risk he ran. He had been in battle before. He had heard the spiteful hiss of bullets and had seen men struck down around him. But his keen sense of duty would not allow him to remain behind in safety when he might be of service as one of the Colonel's staff. There is a moral bravery which far transcends that of the battlefield. The one is of the earth, earthy. The other is of the spirit, heavenly. He possessed both. Whatever interfered with his usefulness must be overcome, and when once he had made up his mind, no power on earth could move him. In temptation oft, beset by enticing snares, his courage stood the test. The Good Book says—"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Verily he

showed in this a moral force and rugged strength that clothes his life with nobility and beauty. The hero living for a principle. The hero dying for his country. Each in itself beautiful—each the necessary complement of the other—together rounding out the perfect life of the man. Alas, that such men must die! Alas, that they are snatched from us too soon!

> " Not like some drooping flower, that no man noticeth,
> But like the great branch of some stately tree
> Rent in a tempest, and flung down to death,
> Thick with green foliage—so that piteously
> Each passer-by that ruin shuddereth,
> And saith ' The gap this branch hath left is wide
> The loss thereof can never be supplied.' "

One sentence among the tributes to his memory has deeply stirred me. It runs thus:—" Please accept my thanks as an Army officer for your interest in and desire to pay tribute to the memory of a fellow officer who sacrificed his life in his country's service. It is the knowledge that friends at home do not forget, that encourages the soldier in the field and gives to him the feeling that he is truly a champion of the people and not a hireling. It is *sentiment* that wins our battles, not brute courage or love of carnage."

That gallant army to which Walter Dickinson belonged and of which he was so justly proud is an army of trained and educated patriots. If "This war has taught us the morality of education" and "if the schools have fought it," none the less has it been fought and brought to a close by that little band, the regulars,—scholars, patriots and soldiers. The thinking bayonet, the scholarly sword have gone hand in hand with the most marvelous exhibitions of courage and undying patriotism. An army of heroes—bearing the summer's

heat and wintry cold without a murmur—enduring all things—suffering all things—with too often the certainty that politics and influence would play their part in preferment, rather than merit. Yet never for an instant swerving from the path of duty, though that duty led them unto death—officers leading their men and men vieing with their officers—performing such prodigies of bravery that the foreign attaché in breathless surprise exclaimed—"This is not war, but it is magnificent." This is the army we love and admire. This is the army we cherish in our hearts. Its list "is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."

Out of the mass of letters received, two have seemed to me especially fitting with which to close this brief, imperfect sketch of his life and work. The General commanding the Division, Major-General H. W. Lawton, writes—"I knew Lieutenant Dickinson well for some years, and I knew him to be a patriot and a true soldier. And though there is no one who laments his untimely death more than I, still we have the happiness of knowing that he died like a nobleman and a soldier." Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Haskell, commanding the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, whose judgment is entitled to the highest consideration, sums up his traits of character in these words: "He was an honest, upright, honorable gentleman, without fear or reproach; he had all the qualifications of an excellent officer; well educated, refined in his manners, prompt and energetic in the discharge of his duties and very conscientious; his time was well spent with some good object in view; a great reader, very domestic in his habits; his own handiwork added much to the comfort and beauty of his army home which was

always a delightful place for the guest. Unselfish, he was always pleased to contribute to the enjoyment of others.

He was beloved by the officers and enlisted men of his regiment, especially for his business ways and just treatment of all. An active man, he loved field duty, and his bravery in the field was one of his most noticeable qualifications. I loved him as a brother, and his loss to me will always be felt the same as though he were of my blood. To the Regiment, his loss was a great blow. As a Mason, he tried to live up to the principles of the Fraternity, and was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in contact. In writing as I have, the desire has been to impress you with the fact that Captain Dickinson was one of a few officers, who, with no lack of manly or social qualifications, spent very few hours otherwise than in doing his whole duty and trying not only to improve himself, but also his fellow comrades. I know he loved to help the college boys." Precious testimony from one so soon, alas, to follow him! Death loves a shining mark, and our hearts go out in sympathy to the officers of the Seventeenth thrice so severely smitten.

In our blundering short-sightedness we call his death a needless sacrifice. A sacrifice of what? Can anything good ever perish? It lives forever with a vitality and persistence no power can check, and with an influence widening as the years roll on. "Baseness is dissolution, nobility is resurrection." The seed must rot, to grow; every dying body is such a seed. Can anything then be a needless sacrifice in the great providences of God?

> "There are no errors in the great eternal plan,
> And all things work together for the final good of man."

What is man that he should try to solve the purposes of the Infinite! His ways are not as our ways and what

now seems wrapped in darkness and impenetrable mystery, shines in the after light of a more perfect knowledge with a glory unsurpassed and with a meaning none foresaw. The Roman sentinel found standing on guard in the place assigned him, when the lights of Pompeii went out eighteen hundred years ago, will forever stand as the type of obedience even unto death. To desert his post was perhaps to save his life. To stay was seemingly a needless sacrifice. But duty triumphed over fear, and the world for a score of centuries has been the brighter for his example. The dying martyrs racked and tortured for their faith, with glazing eye and quivering frame looking upward into heaven prayed God to bless their persecutors - "Another Christian dead" was the contemptuous remark. But the eloquent Presbyter of Carthage, catching the true meaning of this steadfast adherence to duty, gazed down the long vistas of the coming centuries and exclaimed—"The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church."

The Forty-sixth and Fifty-first Massachusetts Volunteers on the very eve of being transported home, their nine months' term of service having expired, learning that Lee had crossed the Rappahannock and was in Pennsylvania, offered their services by telegraph to the Secretary of War and were accepted. Will any one dare to say that this was a needless sacrifice? No legal claim could hold them—Home with its thousand blessed memories was before them—every consideration of love and family was urging their return. But duty triumphed over inclination, intense loyalty over affection, and today a grateful and united nation rise up and call them blessed. There is a conventional morality that amounts to nothing more than legality. It does nothing but what it can show

the warrant for. It is incapable of judging self sacrifice. In the high moments of a man's life it disappears altogether. Duty takes command and has no thought of consequences, and duty never throws away a human life. Living or dead, self sacrifice is not only in God's hand, but by his command. And there is, there can be no needless sacrifice. The law may not command an officer to be with his regiment in battle, but if his sense of duty does, that is the supreme law, and he is a coward unworthy of the place he holds, who does not obey.

Walter Dickinson is dead, but the good that was in him will never die. The example of that splendid courage, that intense devotion to country, that laying down of life for duty and humanity will live forever. He bought with his blood the ransom of a nation. He baptized anew that flag

"Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Blazing with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose."

The sunlight fades from off the hills. The hills are there, but the light is gone. The kindly smile—the pleasant voice—the hearty grasp of the hand warm from the heart—these, indeed, are gone; but the remembrance of all that is good and noble and true in thy life will linger in our hearts forever. Rest in thy quiet sleeping place, beloved soldier, friend and brother. Rest by the side of him thou loved'st so well, and for whose life thou gav'st thine own. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided.

"The noblest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."

HENRY H. GOODELL.

Statement of Military Service of

WALTER MASON DICKINSON,

Compiled from the records of the Adjutant General's office.

He was a Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy from June 14, 1876, to June 12, 1880, when he was graduated, and subsequently received the following appointment and promotions:

2nd Lieutenant 4th Cavalry, 12 June, 1880;
1st " " " 1 Sept., 1886;
Tranferred to 17th Intantry, 4 Nov., 1891;
R. Q. M. " " 1 April, 1898;
Captain " " 26 April, 1898.

Service:

He joined his troop Sept. 30, 1880, and served with it at Fort Sill, Okla., to Dec. 3. 1881; at Fort Cummings, N. M., (on sick leave Sept. 7 to Nov. 6, 1882) to July 1, 1883; at Fort Worth, Kans., to Oct. 11, 1886; and at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., to Aug. 3, 1887.

On duty at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Aug. 8, 1887, to Oct. 10, 1889. He rejoined his regiment Oct. 15, 1889, and served at Fort McDowell, Ariz., to Oct. 30, 1889; at Fort Bowie, Ariz., to June 9, 1890; at Fort Walla Walla,

Wash., to Oct. 8, 1891; in Yosemite National Park, Cal., to Oct. 20, 1891; and on leave Feb. 19, 1892, when he joined the 17th Inf., serving with it at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo., to June 30, 1892.

On duty as professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., Aug. 16, 1892, to Aug. 16, 1896. He rejoined his regiment Aug. 21, 1896, serving with it at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, to April, 1898; at Tampa, Fla., to June 14, 1898; and en route to and in Cuba to July 1, when he was severely wounded, in the action of El Caney, and of which he died July 2, 1898.

(Signed) THEO. SCHWAN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Ode

To Walter Mason Dickinson.

The sons of those, whose valor once did win
  For liberty these hills, in heritage
Of holy sepulchers and sainted kin,
    Learn from rare honor, loftiness of soul;
  And see, in visions of the coming age,
    Men free from pole to pole.

Holyoke and Tom and Sugarloaf, to-night,
  With all your circle watching on the steep,
Lift up your summits in the farewell light
    Radiant and beautiful, as when of old
  You first saw dust of heroes laid to sleep
    Here in the valley mould.

For not in vain this valley bred and gave
  To liberty, that early day, a race,
And still preserves, a martyr-shrine, each grave
    That tells of pledges which were grandly kept
  'Mid freedom's battle-fires by names we trace,
    Immortal since they slept.

Photo by LOVELL, Amherst Taken Dec. 1, 1895

So not unheard the Children of the Isles
Breathed to the Southern stars their bitter cry,
When Northern winds to these free mountain piles
Brought echoes calling ever "Help and save!"
As one, the Nation answered "Here am I!"
Her navies bridged the wave.

Not mine to speak the words should fitly set
Our brothers' deeds, their shining sacrifice,
Enough, their creed they kept; the foe they met;
And, conquering, they held it equal gain
To greet the vanquished, love's light in their eyes,
Or die in forest lane.

O Land, exult! Thy flag of blood-washed stars
Now blesses millions rescued from their chains.
Give thy worn heroes, homeward from the wars,
The noblest greeting ever paid their kind!
O Land, exult through all thy hills and plains
And strive new praise to find!

But some hear not. Forever ours the debt
For praise too tardy. We are blind with tears,
Tribute of love, but guiltless of regret.
The costly incense from our bruised hearts meet,
While Honor's altar-flame before us clears—
The sacrifice complete.

Behold the offering with garlands bright!
The boy whose school-room was this classic vale—
The youth with sunny hair that kept its light—
The soldier disciplined in school and camp—
The patriot whose passion could not fail,
Whose duty was his lamp!

How mourns the sire whose son dares honor's height,
Or mother fond who pointed out the path?
Would grieving wife defraud the record bright,
Or they whose brother sleeps on glory's field?
Eternal fame has called him, not in wrath;
We falter, weep and yield.

From grateful soil his blood made hallowed ground,
His country's turf now claims her warrior's clay;
His name a place in lasting bronze has found;
What further tribute left for memory?
Persuasive silence pleads for him to-day,
"Keep all he died for free!"

On broad Potomac's kindly banks,
Long opulent in heroes' dust,
Now lay our soldier in their ranks
Who kept their country's trust,

Near where the Nation's Founder sleeps,
Her slain defenders slumber round;
And, far-seen, storied marble keeps
Watch o'er the holy ground.

There soft shall lie our warrior's head,
And rare the fellowship of clay,
While Love and Honor guard his bed,
And Faith kneels there to pray.

ALBERT BRYANT.

Tribute

of Pacific Lodge F. and A. M.

Walter M. Dickinson, a Brother and Past Master of Pacific Lodge, having laid down his life for his country on the field of battle, we, his brethren in the Lodge, while we sorrow that we shall see his face, and hear his voice, and enjoy his fellowship no longer here, do at the same time rejoice that he was one of us so long.

We remember him fraternally and gratefully for the constancy of his attendance upon our communications; for the interest he manifested in all that concerned the well-being of our Order; and for the ability and fidelity with which all his official responsibilities were discharged.

We take pride in the fact that our Lodge was so worthily represented in the military service of the United States; and that he so honored *us* as well as *himself*, by the courage and energy with which he did his duty down to the end.

We tender our tearful sympathy to the widow, to the father and mother, and to the surviving brothers and sisters of him whose loss we do so deeply deplore.

We place this tribute to his memory upon the records of our Lodge, in order that our brethren in coming years may recognize his name and fame as those of a good soldier as well as worthy Mason.

George E. Fisher,
Edw. B. Holland,
Frank C. Sherwin,
} *Committee.*

Amherst, Mass., Aug. 30. 1898.

Resolutions

OF Q. T. V. FRATERNITY.

In Memory of Our Fraternity Brother

WALTER MASON DICKINSON

Who was taken from us July 2nd, 1898.

Whereas, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our earthly sight, through the accidents of war, our beloved brother, WALTER MASON DICKINSON, and

Whereas, We do keenly feel the loss of him who came among us as a student at our college, be it

Resolved, That we, the Amherst Chapter of the Q. T. V. Fraternity, desire to express our deepest regret at the losing of one of our esteemed brothers, and do hereby extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his family in this their day of sorrow. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy to the editors of *Aggie Life* to be published in its next issue; and still another copy to be kept on file at the Chapter Rooms.

D. A. BEAMAN,
F. G. STANLEY,
T. CASEY,
} *Committee.*

Recorded Adjutant General's Office July 14, 1898.
H. C. Corbin
Adjutant General.

THE PRESIDENT
OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To all who shall see these Presents, Greeting:

Know Ye, *That reposing special trust and confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity, and Abilities of Walter M Dickinson, I do appoint him Captain of Infantry in the service of the* **United States**: *to rank as such from the twenty-sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.*

And I do *strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Captain. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War.* **This Commission** *to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being, and until the end of the next session of the Senate.*

Given *under my hand at the City of Washington, this fourteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and in the one hundred and twenty-third year of the Independence of the United States.*

By the President:

R. A. Alger,
Secretary of War.

William McKinley.

[SEAL.]

Revised and Reprinted from The Amherst Record

Captain

Walter Mason Dickinson

AMHERST, MASS.
CARPENTER & MOREHOUSE
1898

From the Record of July 27, 1898.

LIEUT. WALTER M. DICKINSON,

KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, July, 1898.

When came the nation's call to arms, we thought
  That war's relentless hand would hold afar
  Its iron weight from us. Alas! the scar
Is now within our hearts, we ne'er knew aught.
From out our number one brave soul was sought
  To die a hero's death. No time can mar
  Our memory of him, nor e'er debar
The lesson that his glorious death has wrought.

A soldier firm and true was he; and one
  Who knew the worth of careful discipline.
With smile and welcome hand for all, and mind
E'er filled with brightening thoughts, he was a son
  Of Massachusetts. Thus he died within
The heat of battle, and left his all behind.

HERMAN BABSON.

Agricultural College.

From the Record of July 13, 1898.

WALTER MASON DICKINSON.

When, little more than a month ago, Walter Mason Dickinson, 1st lieutenant in the 17th regiment of U. S. infantry, writing from on board a transport in Tampa harbor, said, as he viewed the magnificence of the military and naval pageant spread out before him, that he would not have missed it for five years of his life, he little knew that the mortal life before him was to be measured by days, not years. But had he known it, had he realized that on the first day of July, fighting with his comrades before the city of Santiago, he was to fall mortally wounded and yield up his life for his country he would not have turned back but would have performed his duty willingly, gladly, nobly. He was no untried soldier, with that bravery that comes from lack of knowledge of the perils and privations of a soldier's life. Others as brave, as consecrated to their country's service, fell in the battle before Santiago, but he was Amherst's first offering on the altar of her country in the war with Spain and it is fitting that here, in the town where he was born, among the people with whom he has so long associated, especial tribute should be paid to his character and worth.

Walter Mason Dickinson was a descendant in direct line, and in the eighth generation, from one of the earliest settlers in Hadley Third Precinct the mother town of Amherst. The founder of the family in America was Nathaniel Dickinson, who was born in England, and with his wife and three sons came to Wethersfield, Conn., in

1636. The family was one of the first to remove to Hadley after the settlement of the village in 1658. He was the first recorder and a deacon in the First church. The line of descent from this Nathaniel is as follows: Nehemiah, who married Mary Cowles; Samuel, who married Hannah Marsh; Nathaniel, who married Thankful——; Nathaniel, Jr., who married Sarah Marsh; Walter, who married Lydia Dickinson; Marquis F., who married Hannah S. Williams; Walter Mason. His great grandfather, Nathaniel Dickinson, Jr., was the most prominent man in Amherst at the outbreak of the war of the Revolution. He was graduated from Harvard college in 1771, studied law with the distinguished lawyer of Northampton, Maj. Joseph Hawley, and at the early age of 24 years was elected a delegate from Amherst to the first Provincial Congress; he was elected also to the second and third Congresses and was sent as representative to the General Court in 1778, 1780 and 1783. He served on Amherst's committee of correspondence, was the author of most of the revolutionary papers of the district, was moderator at town meetings, town clerk and treasurer, selectman and assessor and devoted his life to public affairs. Walter M. Dickinson's maternal grandfather was Asa Williams of Shutesbury who served in the Continental army three years under Gen. Washington, spent the winter at Valley Forge and was present at the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. John Dickinson, his father's maternal grandfather, took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, and, when he died in Amherst at the age of 92, was the last surviving Revolutionary soldier in Eastern Hampshire. Mr. Dickinson's mother is one of the few now-living daughters of soldiers who fought in the Revolution.

Coming of such ancestry, it is small wonder that Walter Mason Dickinson early showed an inclination toward military affairs and in 1876 eagerly accepted an appointment to the military academy at West Point which was secured for him by the late President Seelye, then a member of Congress. At that time he was just 20 years old, and had nearly completed a course at the Agricultural college. He was graduated from West Point in 1880, ranking exactly in the middle of his class, and was commissioned 2d lieutenant in the 4th cavalry. After graduation he attended the cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth, where he took high rank in military tactics. During 12 years' service in the western department he saw the harder side of the soldier's life, and, in a campaign against the Apaches, took part in one severe battle and in several minor engagements. He was complimented by Gen. Ruger for a forced march he made with 50 Indian scouts some 300 miles to Sipa, N. M., at the time of the Indian uprising on the San Carlos agency. He was transferred in 1892, at his own request, to the 17th U. S. infantry and soon after was detailed as military instructor at the Agricultural college in Amherst, where he remained four years, his term having been extended one year at the special request of the college authorities. On leaving Amherst he joined his regiment at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until the regiment was summoned into camp at Tampa. About April 1 he was appointed Quartermaster of his regiment by Col. (now Gen.) Poland, and under the Act of Congress approved April 26 he was advanced to the rank of Captain, his commission,* which would soon have been issued, to date from that day. He

* Note. This commission has been issued by President McKinley since Lieut. Dickinson's death. It bears date July 14, 1898.

accompanied his regiment to Cuba, took part with it in the fighting about Santiago, and in the battle which occurred July 1 received a wound from which he died. The particulars of his death have not yet been received.

During the four years that Lieut. Dickinson remained in Amherst he renewed old friendships and made many new ones. His work at the college was of exceptional interest and value. A thorough disciplinarian, he at the same time won the affectionate regard of the students and trained them so carefully and intelligently that the "Aggie" battalion under his command was the pride of the college and was greeted with enthusiasm whenever it made its appearance, as it frequently did, in public. His fellow members of the faculty held him in high esteem and President Goodell regarded him almost as his own son. In company with his wife he took a prominent part in social events and his departure from the town was greatly regretted. When reports were first read in last Wednesday's papers of his death his Amherst friends were incredulous, and as a wrong initial was given and the regiment was stated to be the 19th instead of the 17th it was thought the news related to some other officer. Several telegrams were exchanged between his relatives and the war department, but while official confirmation of his death is lacking his family accepts it as a fact and his brother, M. F. Dickinson, Jr., has gone to Washington to see if it will be possible to recover his body and have it brought home for burial.

Lieut. Dickinson was married to Martha E. Otis, daughter of Hon. George L. Otis, a well-known lawyer of St. Paul, Minn., who at one time was mayor of the city; she survives him; they have had no children. His father and mother are still living at the family homestead in North

Amherst. He also leaves two brothers and four sisters. They are: M. F. Dickinson, Jr., the well-known lawyer, of Boston; Col. Asa W. Dickinson, a leading lawyer of Jersey City, N. J.; Amelia, widow of the late Franklin L. Pope of Great Barrington, accidently killed by an electric current some three years ago; Roxie, wife of Elihu Holbrook of Holbrook; Julia, wife of Rev. Charles S. Nickerson of Newtonville and Fannie, wife of Dr. J. B. Lindsey of the Agricultural college. His oldest sister, who died 14 years ago, was the wife of Rev. Henry N. Couden, now the blind chaplain of the national House of Representatives, a veteran of the Civil war, who lost his sight from wounds received while fighting guerillas in Mississippi in May, 1863. Mr. Couden's son, but 19 years of age, and so small that a special order of the war department had to be secured ere his enlistment was accomplished, is a member of the 1st District of Columbia volunteers, now on the way to Santiago.

Lieut. Dickinson was a member of Pacific Lodge F. & A. M., Amherst, and during his detail here served as Master of the Lodge.

PROFESSOR GROSVENOR'S TRIBUTE.

The rumor that Lieutenant Dickinson had fallen at Santiago came as a terrible shock to this community. Hour after hour, with a dull ache and a constantly shrinking hope, we have watched and waited until now it seems as if the last hope was gone. Of him, whose living presence still seems a reality, there is no need that a word be said. Not a person is there among us but knew him and, in knowing him, loved and honored him. No nobler, worthier, more devoted citizen has gone forth to this war.

A natural leader, utterly fearless, utterly regardless of self, he was sure to seek any post of danger where the destiny of battle is most likely to find its shining mark. Yet, as one recalls the handgrasp so warm and the voice so cheery and the step so buoyant and the whole man so full of life and energy, it is incredible that we may not again welcome him to our midst. He was the best product and the best embodiment of what we call Americanism. And the glory of Americanism is its discharge of present duty. So, whenever he saw a duty, nothing could hold him back from its performance, but he performed it in a way to clothe that duty with sunshine. It was good to be in his presence and to look into his face. The students of two colleges during four years' intercourse saw in him more than a soldier or a teacher. They saw a true man. The doctrine of patriotism, which he taught with soldierly directness, he enforced in his life no less than in that last crisis of battle. Typical of him was his address before the Massachusetts Agricultural college at the memorial service of Governor Greenhalge on March 9, 1896. I quote the closing passage, wherein he speaks of the "higher duty:" "That duty is the one you owe to your country. By your country I do not mean this small space, crossed and re-crossed by the beautiful and granite-capped hills which so closely encircle us, but I speak of a country, a part of whose wide domain is always in sunlight, extending westward from the storm-washed rocks of the New England shore to the farthest extremities of the Aleutian Isles—from the present frozen shores of the great lakes to the ever tropical climate of the Mexican gulf—a country with 70,000,000 of people—a country of free speech and free religion; a country covered with schools and churches—a country to be proud of; a coun-

try to respect; and above all, if need be, a country to die for. This is the spirit which should be taught in all our public schools, encouraged at the fireside, and in the churches, that the aim of every boy and young man might be to make this our common country united—one for all, for in unison only is there strength. Then the day will surely come when one could wish no other epitaph than this, He lived and died an American citizen." Our country is the dearer and the saintlier to us that these eloquent words of epitaph in their fullest meaning apply to him. There are many of us stricken in this bereavement. But there is one on whom it falls most crushing of all. To her, thus early widowed, who was the charm and inspiration of his life, our hearts go out with inexpressible sympathy. In the presence of her sorrow we stand awesticken and speechless. But she is the daughter of a family, among the most honored in Massachusetts, which for generations in council chamber or in the field of action has never faltered. As the faces of her ancestors look down from the walls of the old State House in Boston, their pictured lips seem saying to her: "You have given your best, your all, but like us you have given it gloriously in the service of your country." EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

Amherst College.

PROFESSOR MILLS' TRIBUTE.

MR. EDITOR: While many friends of Lieutenant Dickinson, who fell in the battle before Santiago a few days since, are giving expression to their grief for his untimely death there are reasons why the citizens of Amherst and the friends of the Agricultural college also should share

in these tributes to the memory of this fallen soldier. Lieut. Dickinson was, so far as we know, the first of her sons that Amherst has given to the cause of Cuban independence. A son of Amherst he was, in truth. Among the early settlers of Amherst his ancestors were found. His family, for successive generations, has held a prominent place among the families of the town. He himself received his early training in its public schools and from them was appointed by a distinguished and honored citizen of Amherst to a cadetship at West Point. After years of training in the academy and on the field of active service on our western frontier he came back to give four years of efficient and faithful service to one of Amherst's colleges and to renew and strengthen many of the friendships of his boyhood days. During all these years his love for Amherst has steadily increased and in a letter written on the transport as he was about to set foot on the soil of Cuba he expressed the questioning desire that he might see Amherst again. This desire was not to be gratified; but that he should, amid the excitements and distractions of those busy hours, turn his thoughts in fond desire to his boyhood home, reveals a tenderness and loyalty in the man not inconsistent with the courage and devotion of the soldier.

The value of Lieut. Dickinson's work at the Agricultual college is well known by his associates there. To it he brought a high ideal of the soldier's duty, a scrupulous regard for the interests of individual students, and a patient attention to the minutest details pertaining to the military department. It mattered not whether he was to prepare a report to his superior officers at Washington, or to promote the efficiency of his battalion by enforcing needed discipline in its ranks,

or to take command of the same on those sad Memorial Days that appeal so tenderly to patriotic hearts, he was always faithful and true. The influence of Lieut. Dickinson's work was felt in every department of the college. It commanded the hearty respect of his associates on the faculty while the students admired him as a soldier and trusted him as a friend.

When such lives are laid upon the altar we realize how great is the sacrifice that is being made for Cuban independence. It is such devotion as that shown by Lieut. Dickinson and his brave comrades that makes "the land holy where they fought and holy where they fell," and though we may not be able to carry to their resting places the tokens of our affection yet to these shall

"Honor come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

GEORGE F. MILLS.

Agricultural College.

From the Record of July 20, 1898.

HOW A HERO FELL

From Monday's Boston *Evening Transcript* we copy the following description by Joseph E. Chamberlin, its regular correspondent at the front, of the circumstances under which Lieut. Walter Mason Dickinson met his death.

The Seventh had been sent forward to a still nearer hillock, where the regiment lay flat on its face, pouring a fierce fire down upon the village. Our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel J. T. Haskell, had orders to support the Seventh. In front of him was an open field, swept by the Spanish musketry fire from breast-works around the village. In advance of his regiment Colonel Haskell stepped out into this open space, walking erect, without crouching or running. In another moment he fell to the earth. Lieutenant Dickinson, who was with him, received a shot in his arm and came back for help. The regiment crept along on hands and knees toward a lane that offered some shelter from the killing fire. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Roberts called for five men to go out to get the colonel, and five privates stepped forward. Three of them were shot down in the open. The others pressed on, and with the officers brought back the colonel; he had three bad wounds. Lieutenant Dickinson, who again turned into the thick of the fire, received another and a fatal wound through his body. The wounded men were carried into a lane which ran straight toward the stone fort on the hill, and which, being being depressed a little, afforded some shelter from the rain of lead, and into this lane the whole regiment filed, lying down with faces to the ridge.

From this position, which looked straight down upon the town, and which the regiment had to hold all day, the whole of the action on this side of Caney could be seen. We very quickly made the discovery that the chief source of the slaughter up to this moment had been a veritable hornet's nest of a breastwork on the side of the low hillock on which Caney stands. It was on the very edge of the village, and extended from one building to another, with an extension at right angles down the slope of the hill. There were breastworks, too, along the sides of the stone forts, on the larger hill, and from these shots raked the whole length of our lane. Well off in the hills at the other end of the lane, was a Spanish blockhouse, which was too far away to do much damage, but which occasionally sent an effective ball down the lane. The hot fire from the breastwork in the town sent its hail of lead straight across the lane, cutting off the leaves with a continual slapping, spattering sound, and now and then cutting off a sapling and dropping it on our heads. An occasional ball threw a shower of gravel over us, and now and then one killed a man in spite of his lying down. The wounded colonel lay on the ground half-naked, giving orders, half-wandering, to his men. The wounded lieutenant, who was dying, lay in a litter, and was wounded again in the knee as he lay there. Officers with orders passed up and down regardless of danger. The major, O'Brien, now in command, walked the line coolly. The regimental surgeon, Major Ebert, ran up and down, applying bandages and directing his hospital stewards. He had two regiments to attend to—it is the policy of the medical department to deprive the regiments of their surgeons and send them to the division hospitals—and he had an operation to perform every ten minutes.

From the Record of July 27, 1898.

LIEUT. DICKINSON'S DEATH

The following is taken from a letter addressed to Mrs. Walter M. Dickinson, written by Rev. Ruter W. Springer, chaplain of the 17th regiment:

On the morning of July 1, at the opening of the battle of Caney, he was wounded three times; first, in the right forearm; next through the abdomen and bladder; and, while his wounds were being dressed, through the right lower leg. Removal being impossible, he remained on the field until the battle was over, being placed in a sheltered place; and, in the evening, a field hospital was organized near by, and he was removed thereto. Lt.-Col. Haskell, commanding the regiment, was wounded at the same time as your husband. Q. M. Sgt. Kaltschmidt was assigned to care for your husband; and took the very best care of him, throughout. Mr. Dickinson complained of a good deal of pain, but bore it bravely and quietly. The pain was largely relieved by the use of morphine. At about 1-30 A. M., July 2, he became unconscious; and gradually sank away, until he passed off at 2-20 A. M., without pain at the time. Everyone was deeply concerned for him, throughout; and it was very evident how much he was liked by all.

MORE ABOUT LIEUT. DICKINSON

The following extract is taken from a letter published in Saturday's New York *Herald*, written by Lieut. Charles D. Roberts of the 17th U. S. Infantry

Next morning, July 1, we pressed on, mile after mile, over a miserable muddy footpath in the hills. The seventeenth was the last regiment of General Chaffee's brigade. At a quarter to seven in the morning we heard the artillery open fire, and at twenty minutes to nine the bullets began to fly around us, and we passed wounded and dead. We tried to form line, but could see no enemy —only hear the singing of bullets. Occasionally down would go a man. Company C was in front, following Colonel Haskell. He led us across a sunken road, had a wire fence and hedge beyond cut, and started across an open field beyond, when a terrible fire opened, and the Colonel and Lieutenant Dickinson fell. Each was shot twice. They called for help, and several of our men started forward under my charge. Three of them fell wounded before we crossed the hedge, but the rest of us got through and dragged the Colonel back to the road under cover. Lieut. Dickinson got back alive. The rest of the regiment got on the road and lay down, and we gave the wounded "first aid" until the surgeon got to us. I think, altogether, nine of Company C were wounded— none killed—although Danielson and Keily may die. Little Lang got a bullet through the arm—a slight wound.

The other companies did not lose so many, and no officers were hurt except the Colonel and Mr. Dickinson. The latter was shot a third time before we could get him to the rear and he died that night.

From the Record of August 2, 1898.

LIEUT. DICKINSON'S DEATH

The following extract is taken from a letter written by Lieut. Col. Haskell of the 17th U. S. infantry to Mrs. Wallace, sister of Mrs. Walter M. Dickinson. It is dated at a hospital near Santiago, July 7:

"On June 30 just after receiving instructions to make our men comfortable in camp and to keep 3 days' rations in their haversacks, I received the order to march. We moved on to about 4 o'clock and marched through mud over one of the worst roads I ever saw, sometimes through streams knee deep, but on we went without a murmur. At 9 o'clock we were directed to form column of battalions in rear of the 12th. We bivouaced and remained until break of day, when, without coffee or any fire to cook anything we started for the enemy. My regiment was kept in the rear, and was following the 7th. Lt. Dickinson came to me as we started and said "Colonel, I want to go with you to-day." He had been with me always when with the regiment on the march, unless occupied in his quartermaster duties, but none were required on this march. We marched up the mountain and down, through streams, over muddy places, on the slippery side of the hill, etc. Our horses were packed and led in rear of the column. We had no use for them otherwise, as the road was too narrow and slippery. Along about 9 o'clock I was directed to reinforce the extreme right by putting my regiment on that line. I had to hunt for a position that I could fire from without

endangering our own men who were in front of us, and having finally found this had to cut down the wire fence to enter. Your dear brother was at my side all this time and I had just taken a view of the town of Caney and decided where to put the regiment when my right boot was struck in the sole by the heel. The bullet went through the entire sole without breaking the skin; it stunned the foot. Just then my left arm dropped to my side. I had been shot through the left breast. Then the dear boy sang our "Colonel I am gone, they have shot me clear through," then his right arm dropped, he was shot through the right fore arm. Then a ball struck my right knee and knocked me down. Dickey ran but I had to roll. I gave orders where to form the regiment. Of course there was no hospital and there were no troops in our rear, so we were attended to on the firing line and had to stay there until the Spaniards were driven out of Caney, which was about 5 P. M., then we were carried back a short distance and cared for. Lieut. Dickinson was shot again during the day while lying on the firing line, receiving a flesh wound in the right leg. I tried to get them to put us alongside each other but it was not safe during the day. I sent to know if he had any message, and that night as we lay alongside each other I asked him, but his position had to be changed in order to give him better attention. The only answer I got to any of my messages was "Give my love to my wife." I must quit; I am getting along very well and expect to be sent to Key West or some other place soon. I have had to lie down and rest many times since I started this. With my most sincere sympathy to all the family for their great loss I remain as ever,

J. T. HASKELL.

"To the Memory of an Undying Love"

for

CAPTAIN WALTER MASON DICKINSON

Born in Amherst, Mass., April 3, 1856

Died on the Field of Battle, July 2, 1898

Alive and present in the spirit, 1916

This little volume, consisting of a Memorial address by President Henry Hill Goodell, together with other tributes from the Amherst *Record* of 1898, is reprinted in behalf of the class of '96, M. A. C., who were under Capt. Dickinson during his entire detail at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

It is distributed with the earnest hope that his noble example of unselfishness, sacrifice and service may not be lost to any one who reads his record.

May he not "have died in vain" through our lack of sacrifice and service in this our Day and Generation.

Pass in review, Oh once again!
With boyish pride in Love of Flag and Native Land,
We march along with steady tread and true,
A consecrated youthful band,
Made so in very truth by him
Who by his manliness and noble thoughts expressed,
Kindled in us a sacred Patriotic Life
That burns and will not rest.
My Captain stands there by the flag he loved,
We pass and homage do "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"
And at the close I hear him say again,
"The flag and what I stand for you salute, not me."

Newton Shultis,
Pres. Asso. Alumni, Mass. Agric. College.

Amherst, Mass., April, 1916.

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